



# THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT

\$3.99

A detailed illustration of the Transformer Grimlock. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his signature silver and red armor. His right arm is raised, holding a large, silver, triangular blade. His left arm is also raised, showing a red and silver gauntlet. He has a red visor on his face. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a grid of panels.

## GRIMLOCK





# THE TRANSFORMERS™

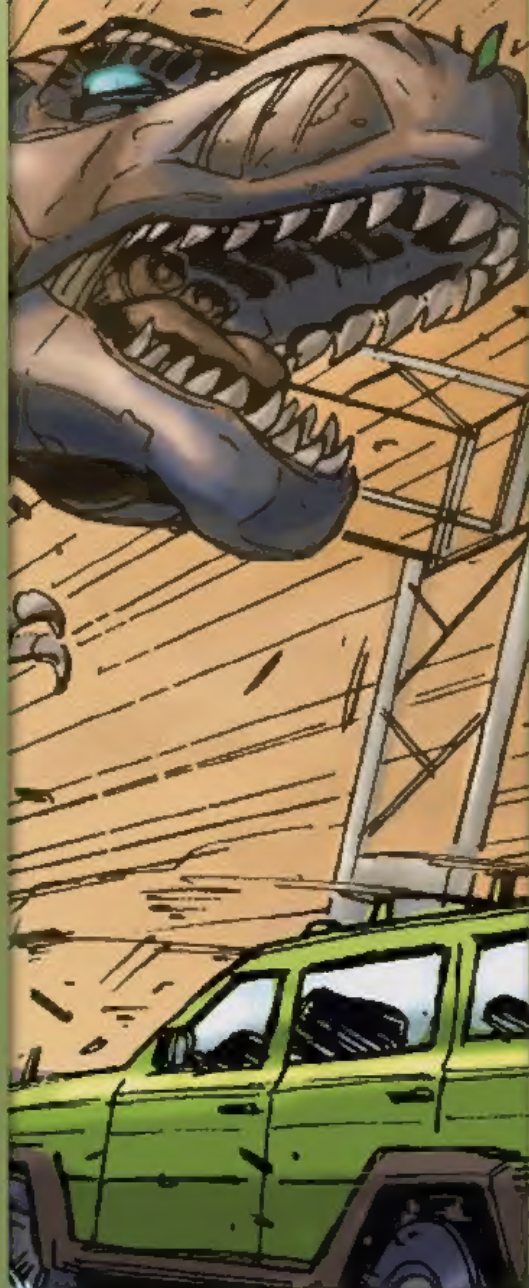
## SPOTLIGHT







Once set on a course of action, Grimlock always sees it to the bitter end. But has he now gone too far? Branded a renegade and responsible for condemning his fellow Dynobots to a living death, there may be no way back for him—or is there? The Machination may hold the key...



#### COVER CHECKLIST:



REGULAR COVER



RI SKETCH COVER

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The Transformers Universe is vast, and populated by many characters. Their universe is a large tapestry, made up of the countless stories and experiences that serve the larger whole. These are some of those stories. This is:

# TRANSFORMERS: MOSAIC

## RANK

Written by  
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DON'T THINK  
OF THIS AS A  
DEMOTION, PROWL...

BUT I NEED YOU TO  
STEP DOWN FROM  
HIGH COMMAND.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
PRIME, HAVE IT I  
PROVEN MYSELF?

PROWL, YOUR MERIT IS NOT  
IN QUESTION. THE DISCOVERY  
OF ORE-13, COMBINED WITH  
MEGATRON'S PRESENCE ON EARTH,  
MEANS THAT YOUR ATTENTION NEEDS  
TO BE SOLELY WITH YOUR TEAM.

ADMITTEDLY THINGS HAVE  
GOTTEN SOMEWHAT OUT  
OF HAND ON EARTH, BUT I  
STILL BELIEVE I CAN DO  
MORE WITH HIGH COMMAND,  
PROVIDING SUPPORT TO  
ALL OUR UNITS.

PROWL, THIS IS ONLY A  
REQUEST, BUT IF I NEED  
TO MAKE IT AN ORDER,  
I WILL.

I UNDERSTAND.

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CARSON CITY, NEVADA

WELL, WE'RE AS  
READY AS WE'LL  
EVER BE, BUT ONCE  
AGAIN I FEEL  
CONSTRAINED TO  
WARN YOU...

...YOU'RE  
PLAYING WITH  
FIRE.

PROCEDURES THAT  
TOOK *SKYWATCH* OVER  
20 YEARS TO PERFECT, AND  
WERE TAILORED *SPECIFICALLY*  
TO THE TWO INITIAL  
ACQUISITIONS, HAVE HAD TO BE  
OVERHAULED AND REAPPLIED  
IN *DAYS*. ONE FALSE MOVE  
NOW, *AGENT RED*, AND...

...DISASTER.







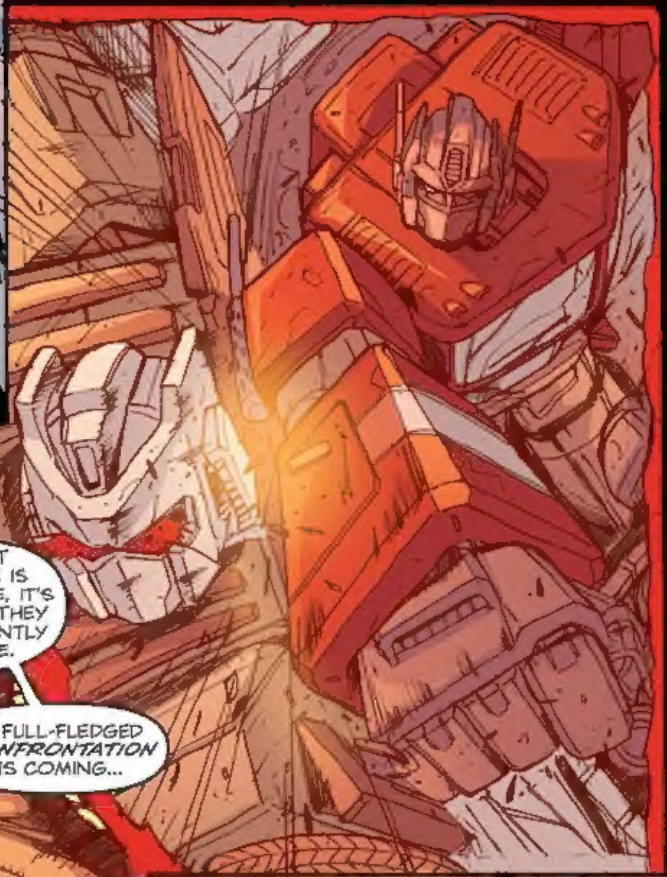
WE NEED MORE TIME! MY TECHS ARE RUNNING ON ADRENALINE AND BAD COFFEE AND--

WE DON'T HAVE MORE TIME.

YOU'VE SEEN WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE, WESTON. EARTH'S BECOME A BATTLEGROUND FOR ROBOTIC EXTRATERRESTRIALS.\*

AND NOW THAT THEIR PRESENCE IS PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE, IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME THEY WON'T JUST PATIENTLY BIDE THEIR TIME.

A FULL-FLEDGED CONFRONTATION IS COMING...



\*IN TRANSFORMERS: DEVASTATION

...AND WE HAVE TO ARM OURSELVES.

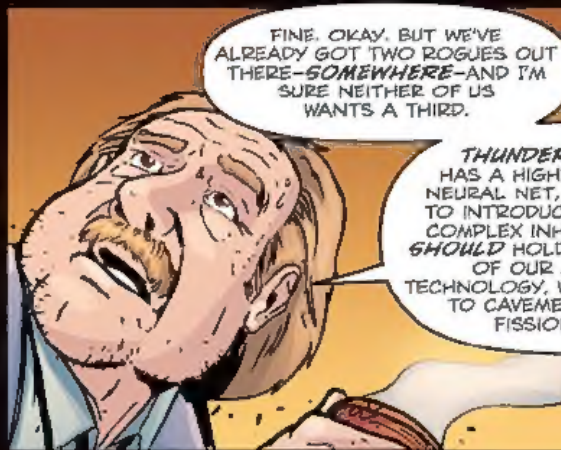


I APPRECIATE ALL YOUR CONCERNS. I SHARE YOUR MISGIVINGS, BUT THIS COMES RIGHT FROM THE TOP. WE NEED A BIG, BLUNT INSTRUMENT...



...AND THIS IS IT!





FINE. OKAY. BUT WE'VE  
ALREADY GOT TWO ROGUES OUT  
THERE—SOMEWHERE—AND I'M  
SURE NEITHER OF US  
WANTS A THIRD.

THUNDER-LIZARD 1  
HAS A HIGHER GRADE OF  
NEURAL NET, SO WE'VE HAD  
TO INTRODUCE A FAR MORE  
COMPLEX INHIBITOR WEB. IT  
SHOULD HOLD. BUT, IN TERMS  
OF OUR AVAILABLE  
TECHNOLOGY, WE'RE STILL AKIN  
TO CAVEMEN HANDLING  
FISSION RODS.



HOW  
SOON?

LIKE I SAID, WE'RE  
AS READY AS WE  
CAN HOPE TO BE  
RIGHT NOW. BUT,  
AGENT RED...



"...I'D HAVE  
YOUR TAG-TEAMS  
STANDING BY."



STATUS?

WE ARE  
SHOWING A  
COMPLETE NEURAL  
OVERPRINT. SYNAPSE  
BLOCKERS ARE ALL  
PRESENT AND  
CORRECT.

INTERNAL READINGS  
ARE STABILIZING. T.L.-1'S  
SYSTEMS ARE STARTING  
TO METABOLIZE THE  
PLUTONIUM STIMULANT.

WE ARE GO TO  
JUMP-START  
COGNITIVE  
FUNCTIONS.



AGENT RED?

DO IT.





I'M WARNING  
YOU, GRIMLOCK!

THIS CONTINUED  
INSUBORDINATION WILL  
**NOT** BE TOLERATED. ANY  
FURTHER UNAUTHORIZED  
ACTION WILL BE  
CONSIDERED THE ACT OF  
A **RENEGADE** AND DEALT  
WITH ACCORDINGLY!

"YOU DECEIVED US!"

ZZAP

"LIED TO US!"

FORGET **PRIME**. HE MAY  
NOT LIKE THE WAY WE DO  
THINGS, BUT HE KNOWS WE  
GET **RESULTS**. THE WAY IT  
WORKS IS, HE SAYS ONE  
THING—OFFICIALLY—AND WE  
DO THE OTHER,  
UNOFFICIALLY. TRUST ME...

...THERE'LL BE  
NO FALLOUT.



"LED US INTO THE  
MAELSTROM..."

GEH-HH. HOLD  
HIM! IT'S  
PAYBACK TIME,  
SHOCKWAVE!

DOCTOR WESTON—  
SOMETHING'S *WRONG!*  
ENCEPHALOGRAPHIC  
READINGS JUST WENT  
THROUGH THE *ROOF!*

"... AND KILLED US!"

CUT POWER TO  
THE KINOSTATIC  
EMITTERS—*NOW!*

BEFORE—



FNRRRAAGH!

# KRATANK

CRYO-SQUAD-  
MOVE IN!

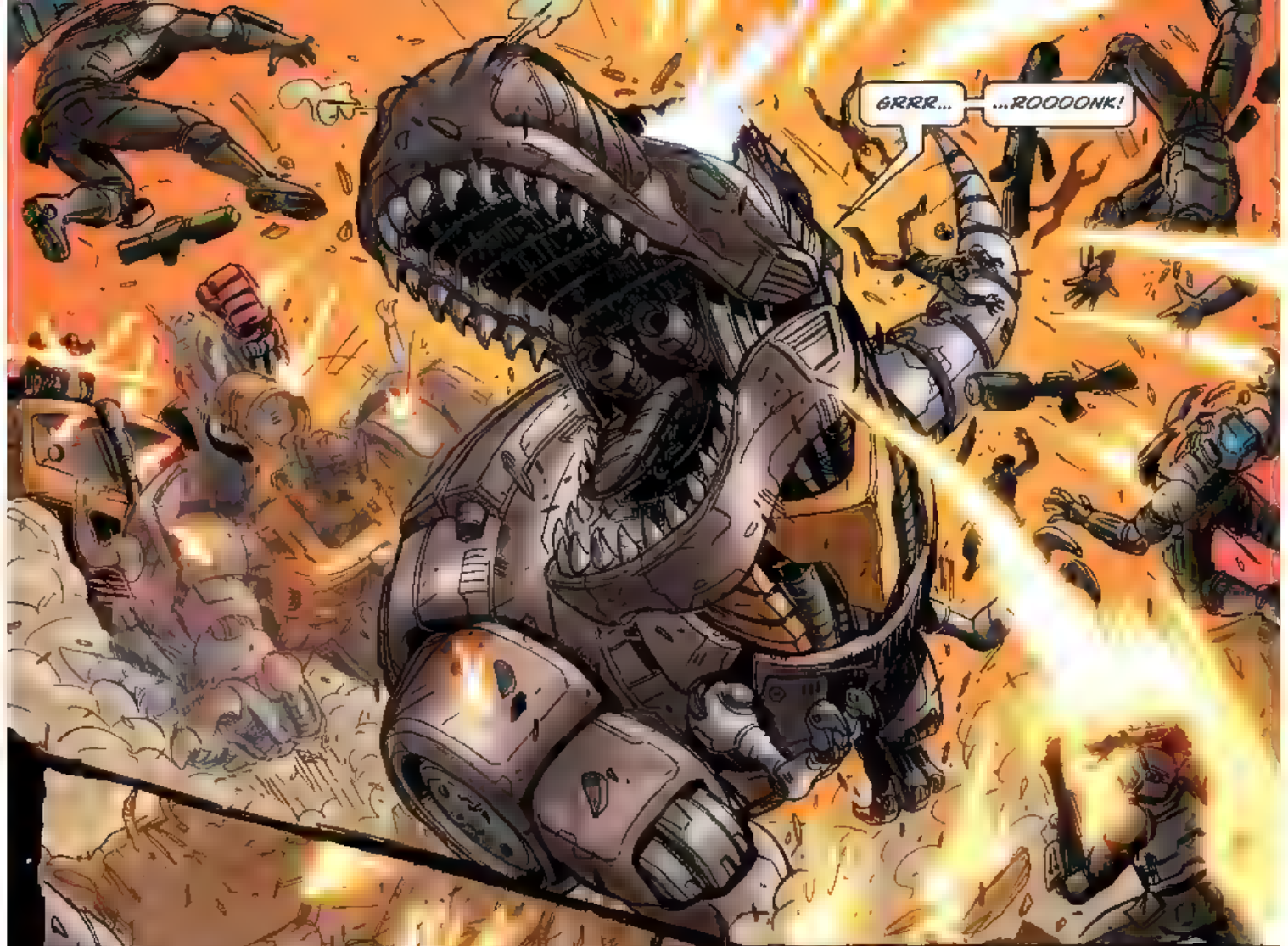
THE REST OF  
YOU-TARGET THE  
HOSTILE, BUT AWAIT  
EXECUTIVE CLEARANCE!  
DO NOT, I REPEAT, DO  
NOT OPEN FIRE!

# THKLANG







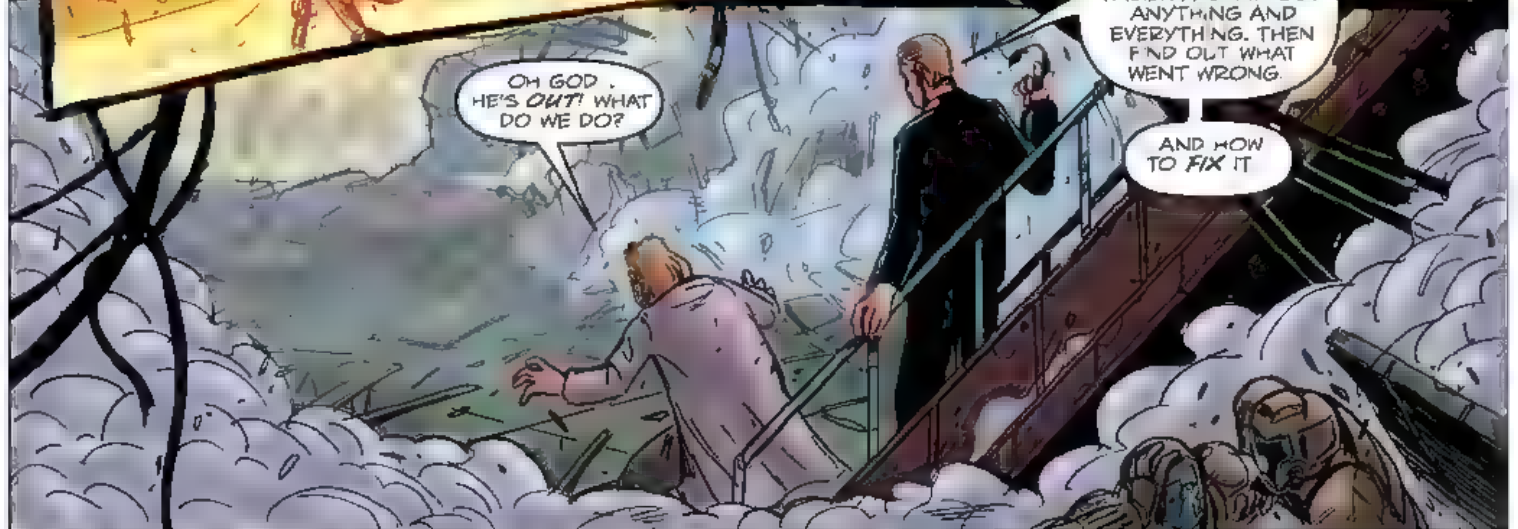


GRRR... ...ROOONK!



SHANK-SHANK

BOOM!

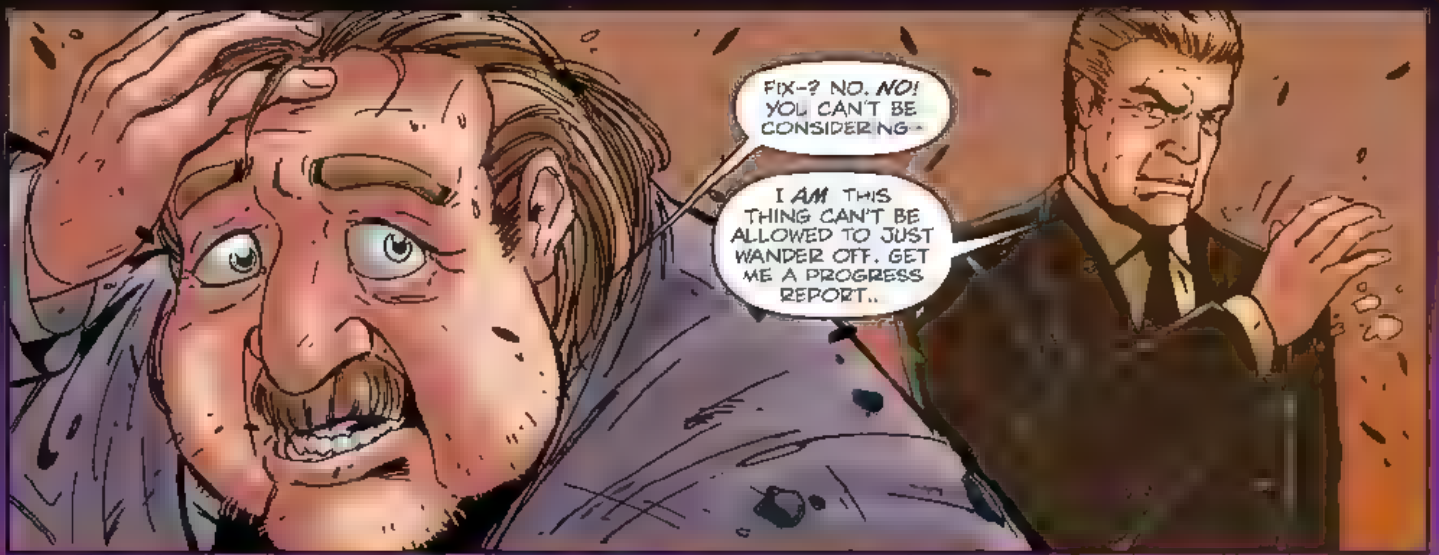


OH GOD.  
HE'S OUT! WHAT  
DO WE DO?

WE DON'T PANIC  
SANITIZE THE  
FACILITY, STRIP OUT  
ANYTHING AND  
EVERYTHING. THEN  
FIND OUT WHAT  
WENT WRONG.

AND HOW  
TO FIX IT





FIX-? NO. NO!  
YOU CAN'T BE  
CONSIDERING-

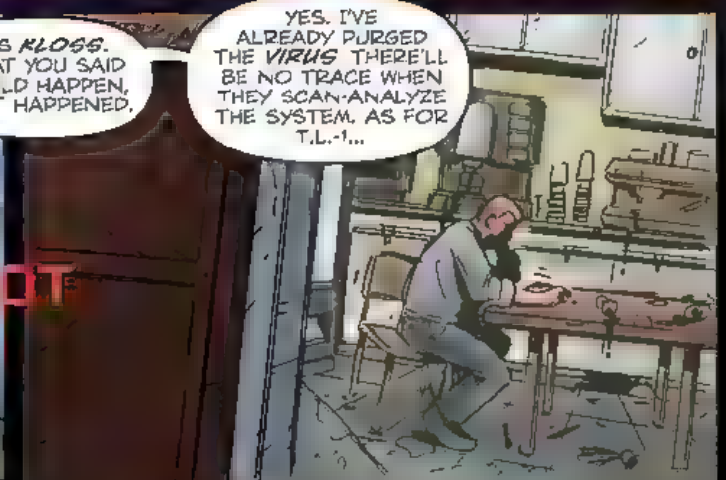
I AM THIS  
THING CAN'T BE  
ALLOWED TO JUST  
WANDER OFF. GET  
ME A PROGRESS  
REPORT..



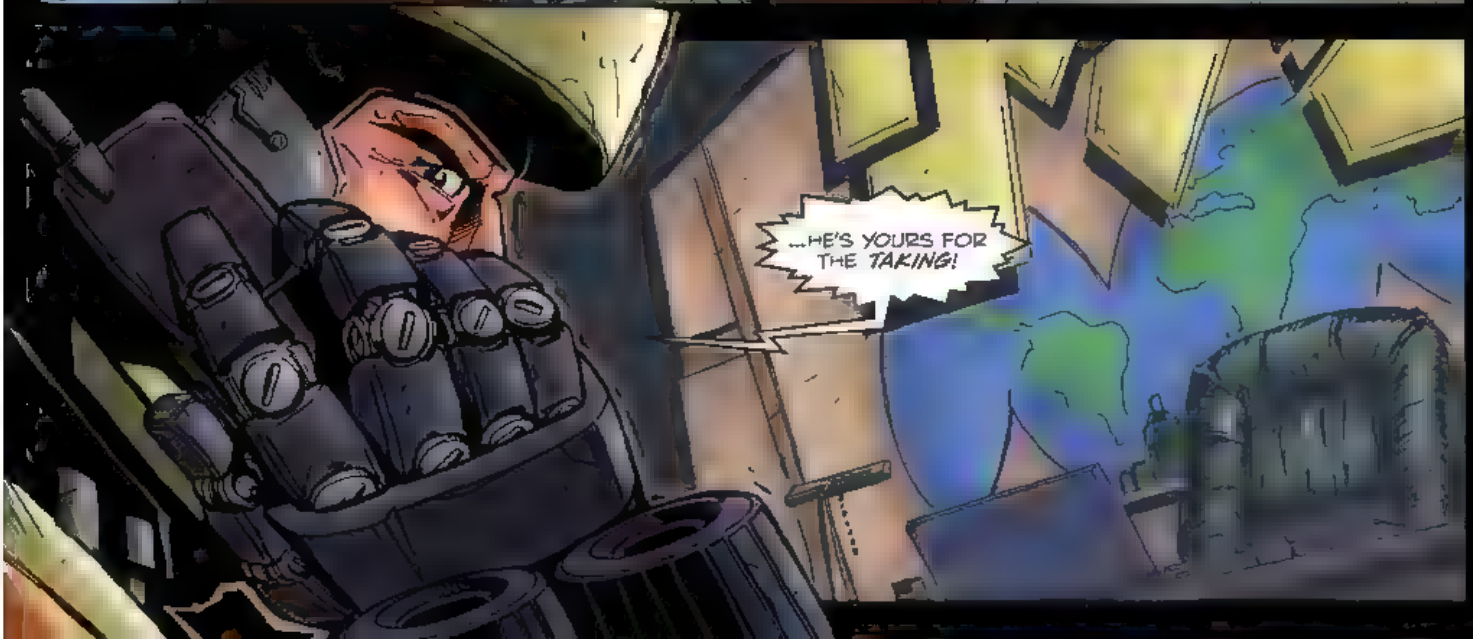
"...ON THUNDER-LIZARDS  
2, 3, 4 AND 5"



IT'S KLOSS.  
WHAT YOU SAID  
WOULD HAPPEN,  
JUST HAPPENED.

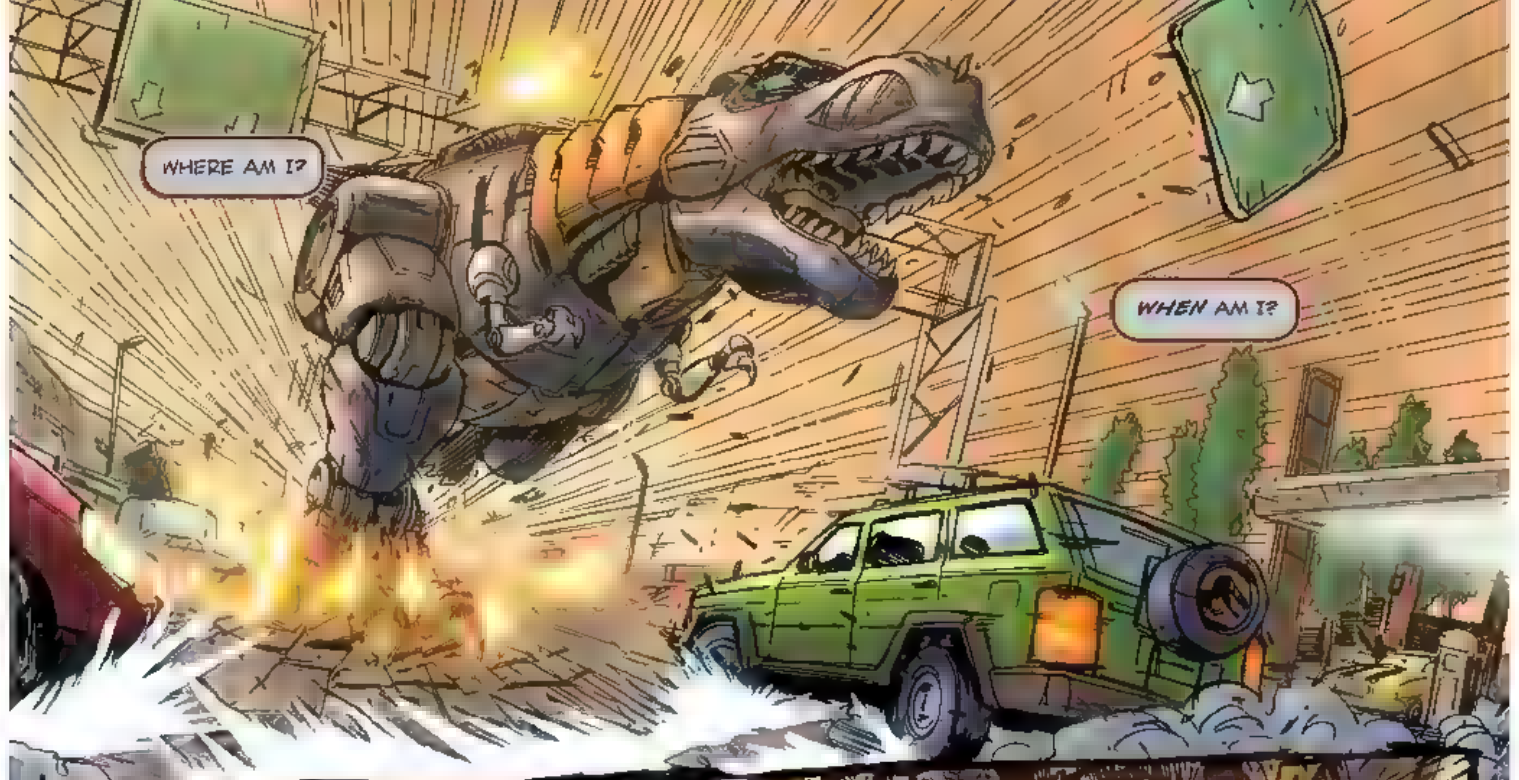


YES. I'VE  
ALREADY PURGED  
THE VIRUS THERE'LL  
BE NO TRACE WHEN  
THEY SCAN-ANALYZE  
THE SYSTEM. AS FOR  
T.L.-1...



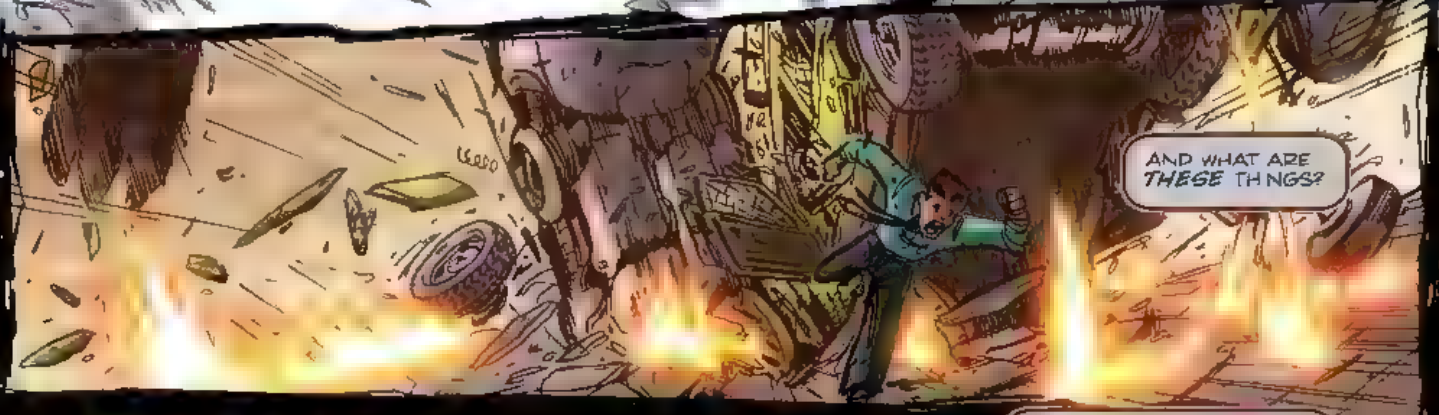
...HE'S YOURS FOR  
THE TAKING!



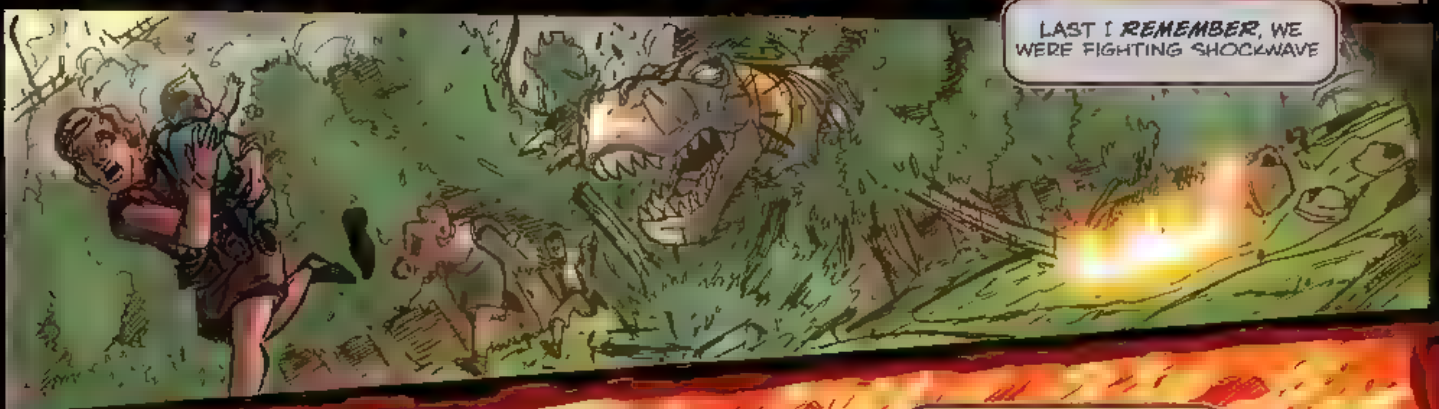


WHERE AM I?

WHEN AM I?



AND WHAT ARE  
THESE THINGS?



LAST I REMEMBER, WE  
WERE FIGHTING SHOCKWAVE



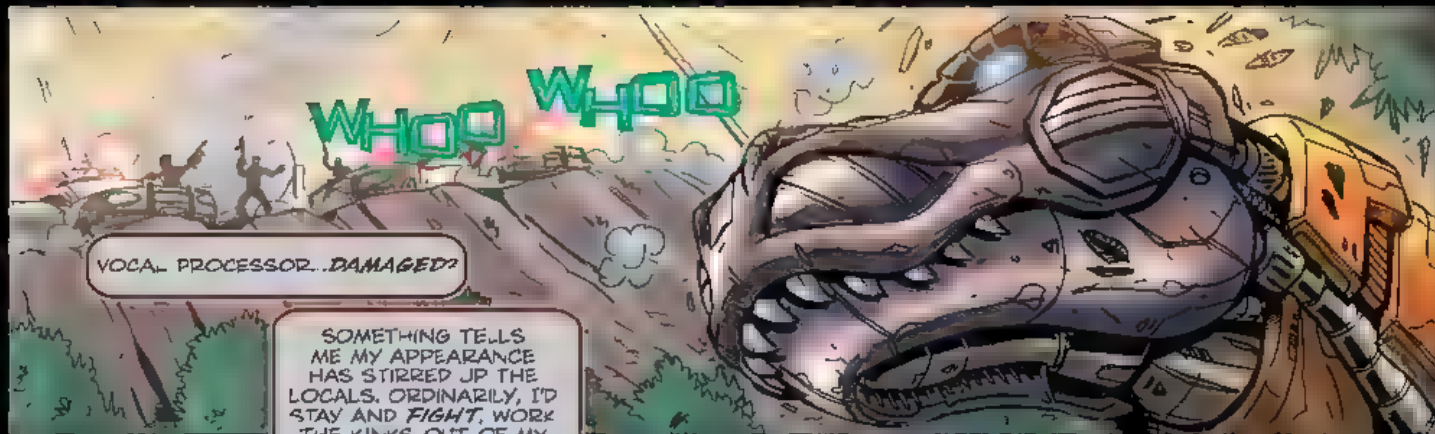
THE BLAST... STRIPPED  
AWAY OUR PROTECTION  
AGAINST THE ULTRA-HIGH  
LEVELS OF ENERGEN. WE...

...WENT INTO  
PROTECTIVE STASIS

HH-HOW  
LONG? AND...

...WHERE ARE  
DD-DYNOBOTS?



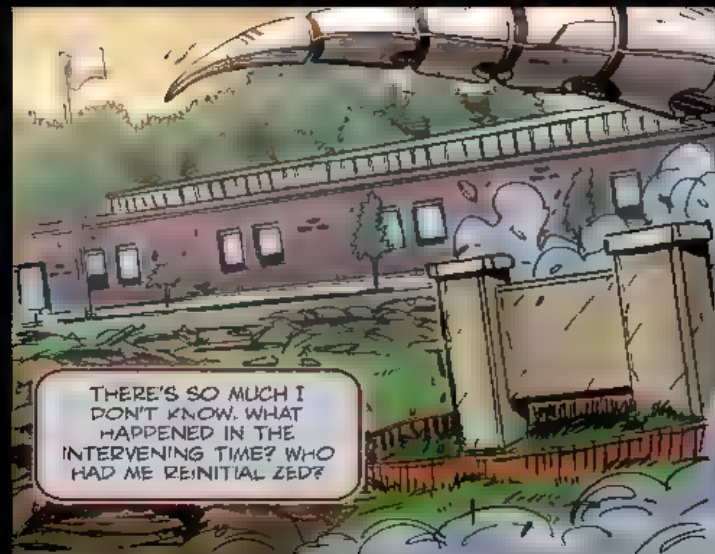


VOCAL PROCESSOR...DAMAGED?

SOMETHING TELLS ME MY APPEARANCE HAS STIRRED UP THE LOCALS. ORDINARILY, I'D STAY AND FIGHT, WORK THE KINKS OUT OF MY SYSTEM THAT WAY



BUT NOW'S NOT THE TIME.



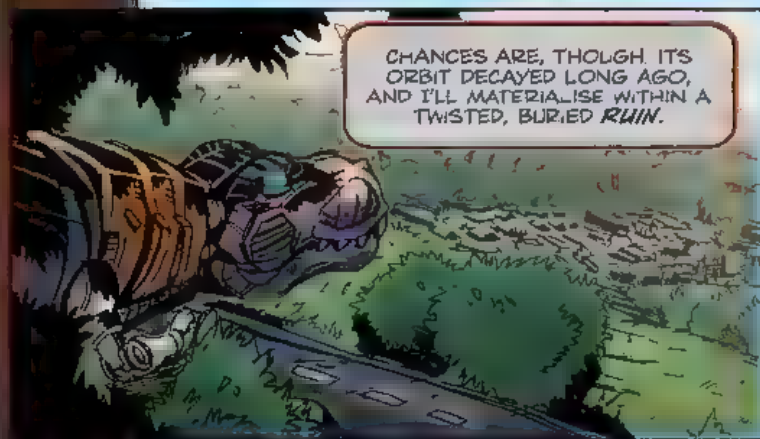
THERE'S SO MUCH I DON'T KNOW. WHAT HAPPENED IN THE INTERVENING TIME? WHO HAD ME REINITIALIZED?



MY INTERNAL CHRONOMETER...

...IS A CONTRADICTION MESS. SENSOR RANGE IS SEVERELY LIMITED

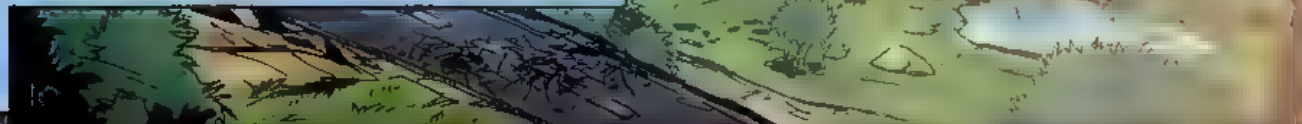
ALL I HAVE-MY ONLY LIFELINE-IS A RECALL CHIP DESIGNED TO WHISK ME BACK TO THE SKYFIRE.



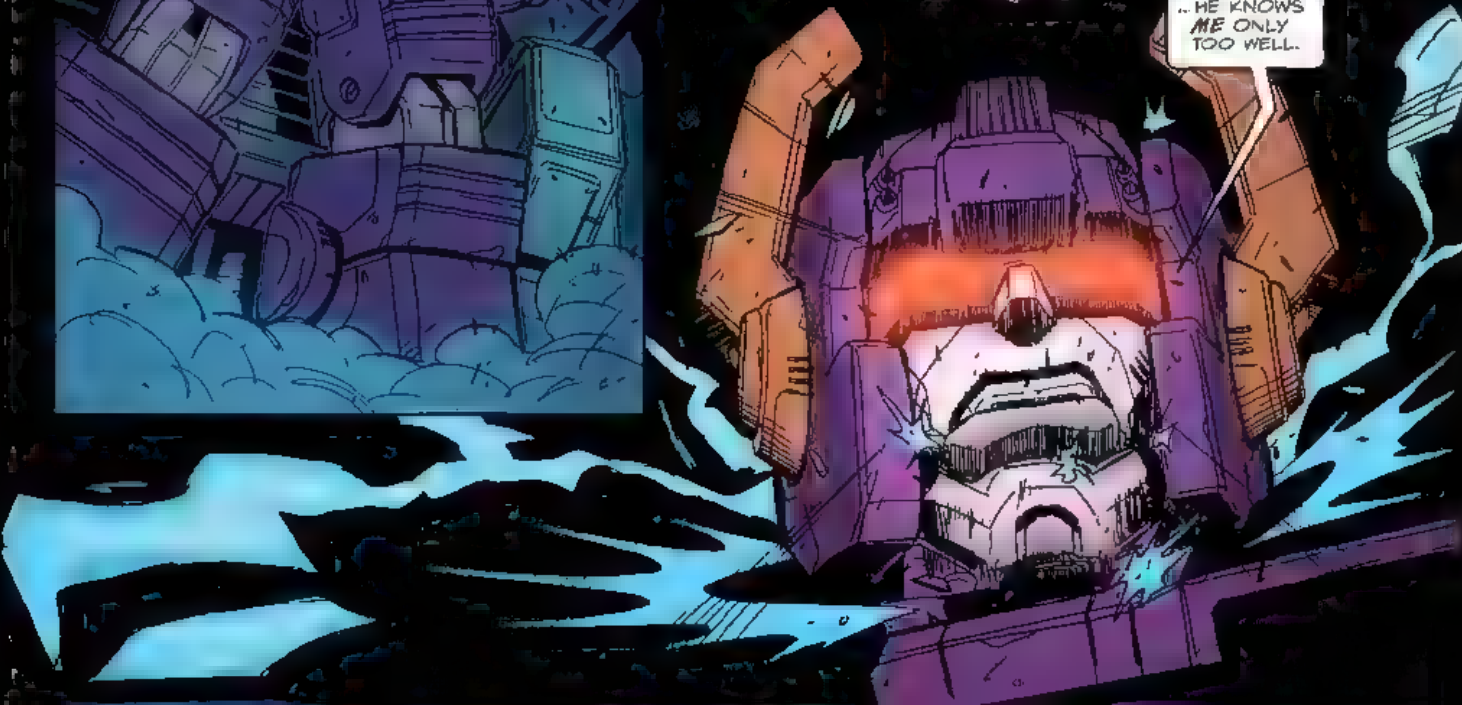
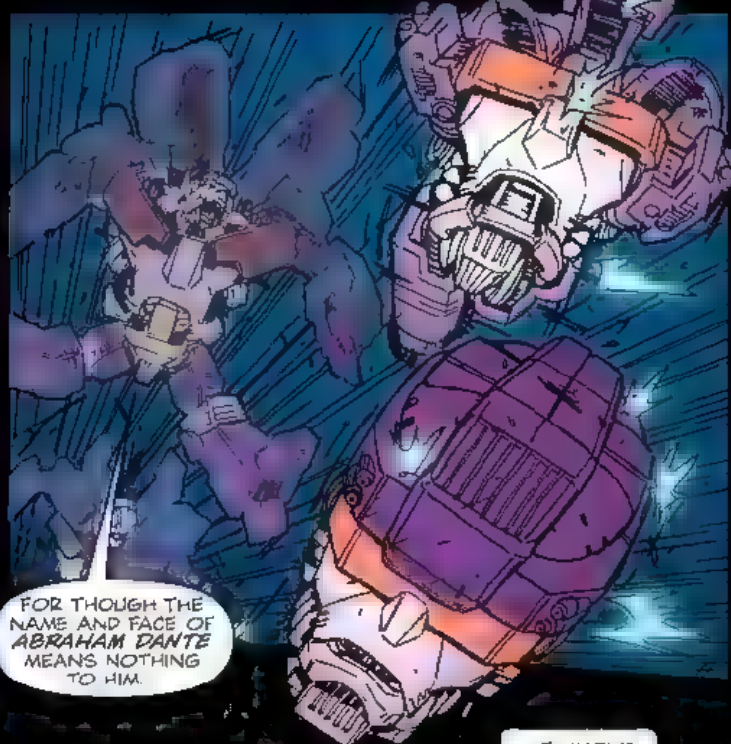
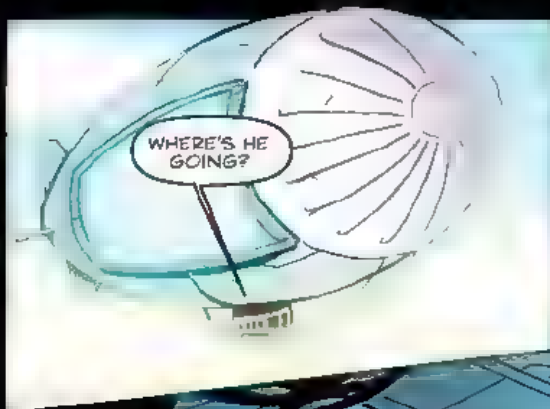
CHANCES ARE, THOUGH. ITS ORBIT DECAYED LONG AGO, AND I'LL MATERIALISE WITHIN A TWISTED, BURIED RUIN.

THEN, IT HITS ME. I'M ALONE.

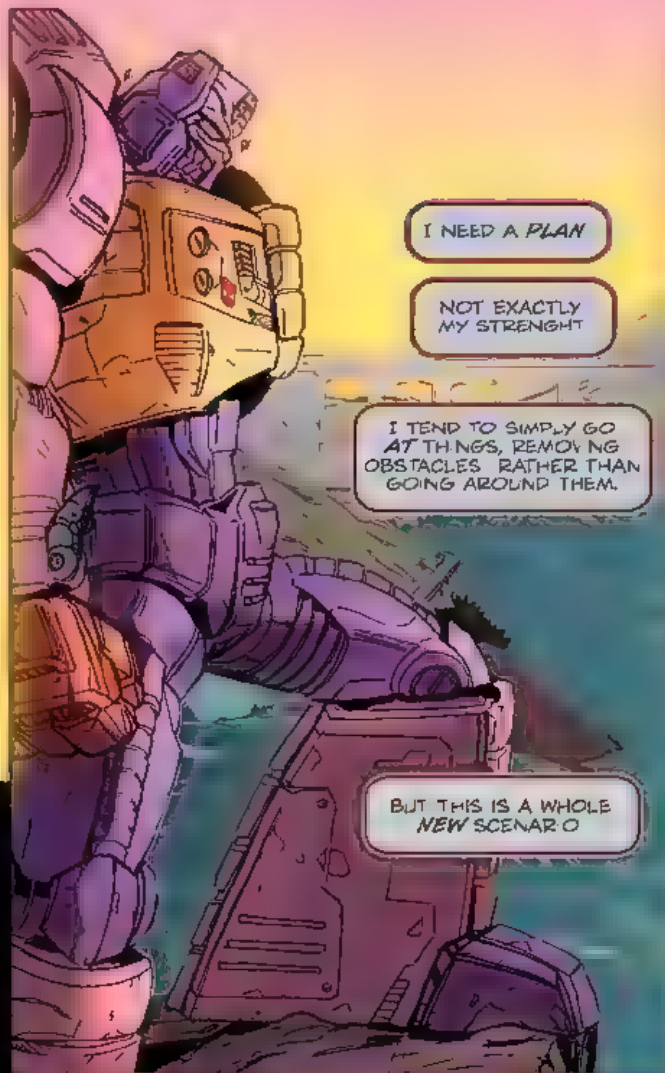
UTTERLY ALONE.









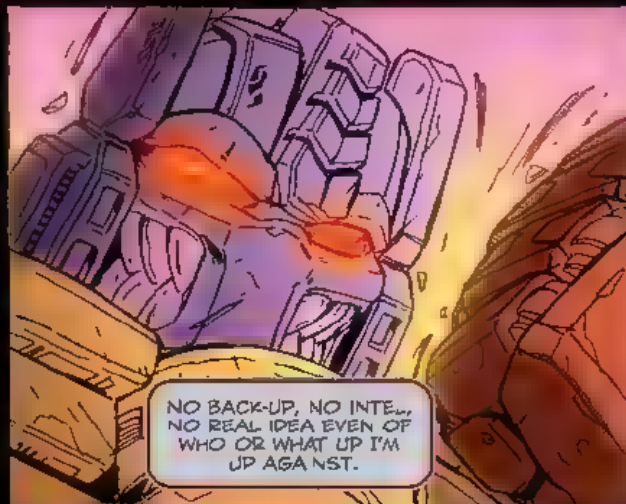


I NEED A PLAN

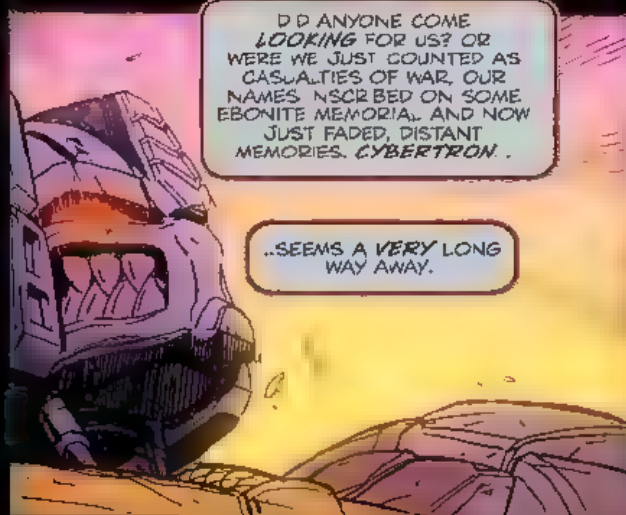
NOT EXACTLY  
MY STRENGTH

I TEND TO SIMPLY GO  
AT THINGS, REMOVING  
OBSTACLES RATHER THAN  
GOING AROUND THEM.

BUT THIS IS A WHOLE  
NEW SCENARIO

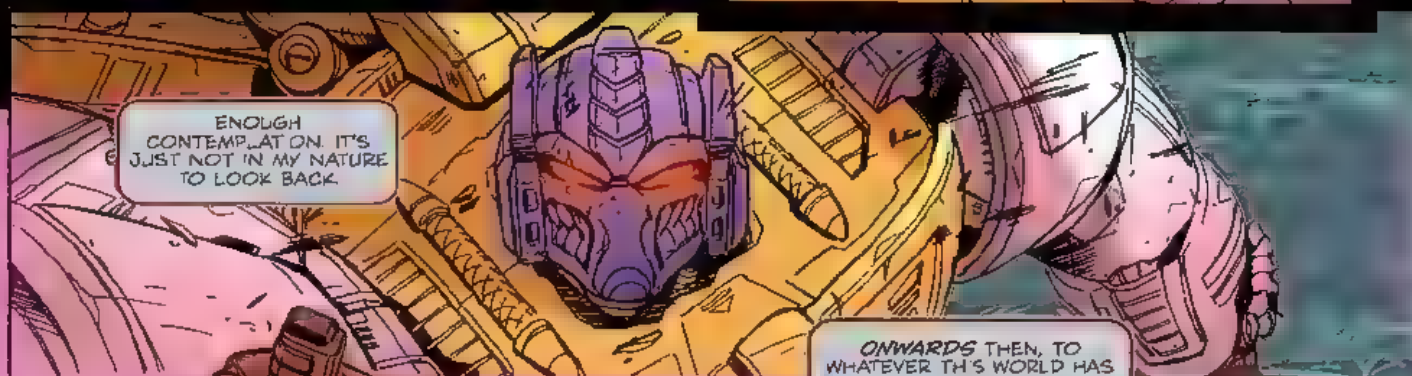


NO BACK-UP, NO INTELLIGENCE,  
NO REAL IDEA EVEN OF  
WHO OR WHAT I'M  
UP AGAINST.



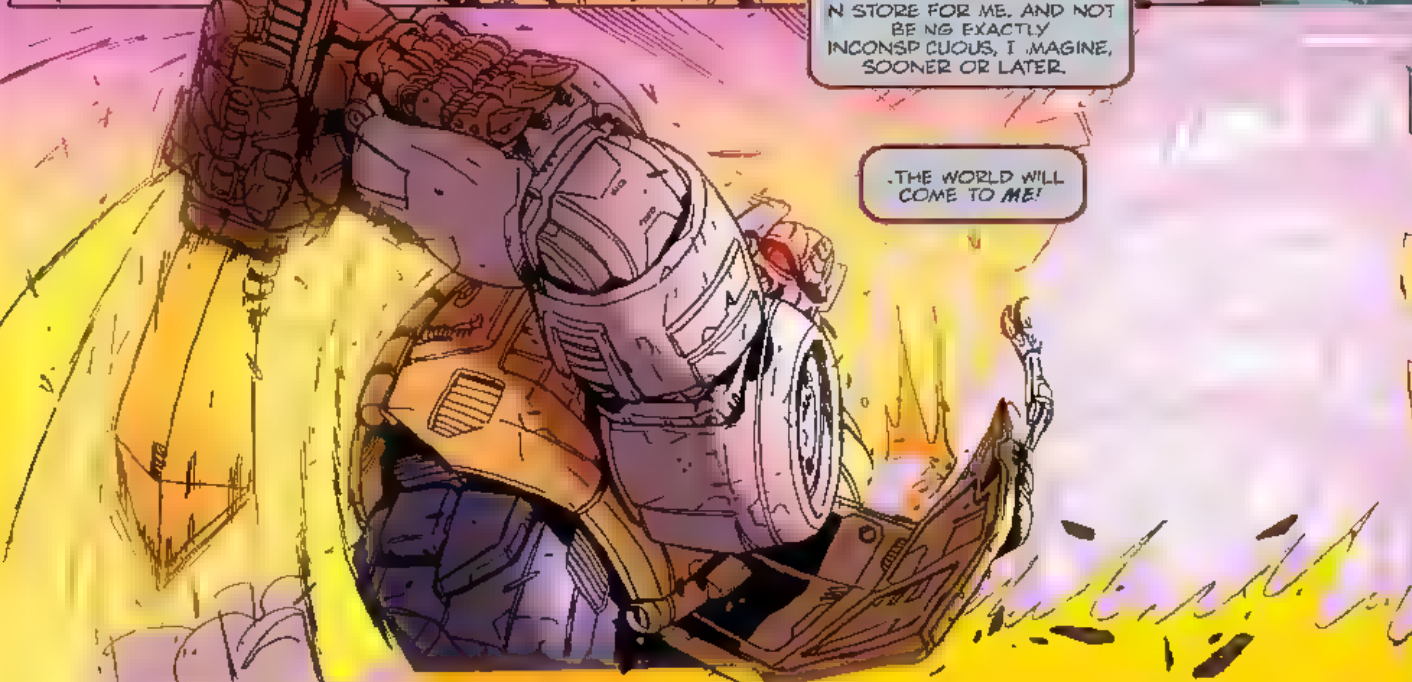
DID ANYONE COME  
LOOKING FOR US? OR  
WERE WE JUST COUNTED AS  
CASUALTIES OF WAR, OUR  
NAMES INSCRIBED ON SOME  
EBONY MEMORIAL AND NOW  
JUST FADED, DISTANT  
MEMORIES. CYBERTRON.

...SEEMS A VERY LONG  
WAY AWAY.



ENOUGH  
CONTEMPLATION. IT'S  
JUST NOT IN MY NATURE  
TO LOOK BACK.

ONWARDS THEN, TO  
WHATEVER THIS WORLD HAS  
IN STORE FOR ME. AND NOT  
BEING EXACTLY  
INCONSPICUOUS, I MIGHT  
ADD, SOONER OR LATER.



THE WORLD WILL  
COME TO ME!





YOU.

SCORPONOK!

INDEED, THOUGH  
PERHAPS NOT  
QUITE AS YOU  
REMEMBER ME  
BUT... TIME  
ENOUGH FOR  
THAT LATER.


I COME WITH  
AN *OFFER*  
YOU CAN'T  
REFUSE




TRY ME

HA. DIRECT AND  
TO THE POINT-  
I ADMIRE THAT,  
GRIMLOCK.

WE'RE QUITE ALIKE.  
YOU AND I WE *BOTH*  
OPERATE ON THE  
FRINGES, NEITHER BOWING  
TO CONVENTION OR  
PROTOCOL. TO US,  
ALLEGANCE IS A  
CONVENIENCE, NOT AN  
OBLIGATION. WHICH IS WHY...

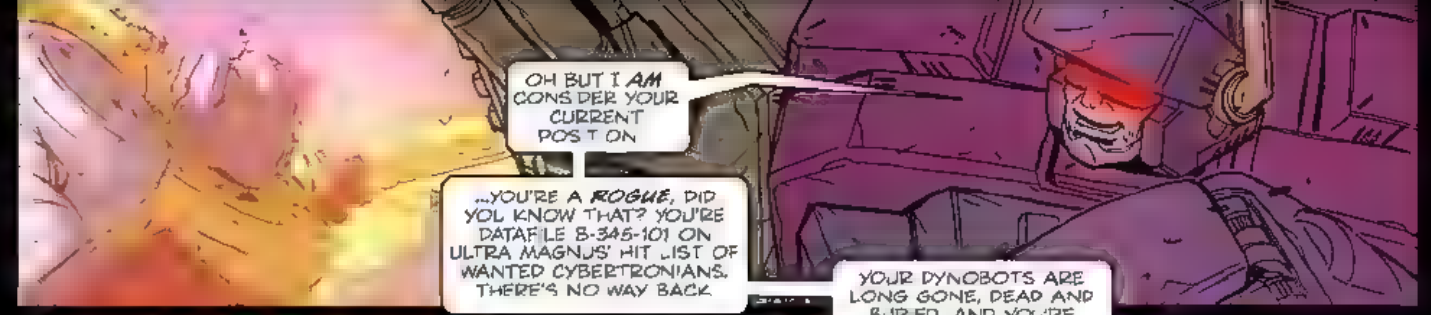


I PROPOSE AN  
*ALLIANCE* YOU  
AND I-AGAINST  
THE WORLD!



YOU CAN'T...  
BE SERIOUS.





OH BUT I AM  
CONSIDER YOUR  
CURRENT  
POSITION

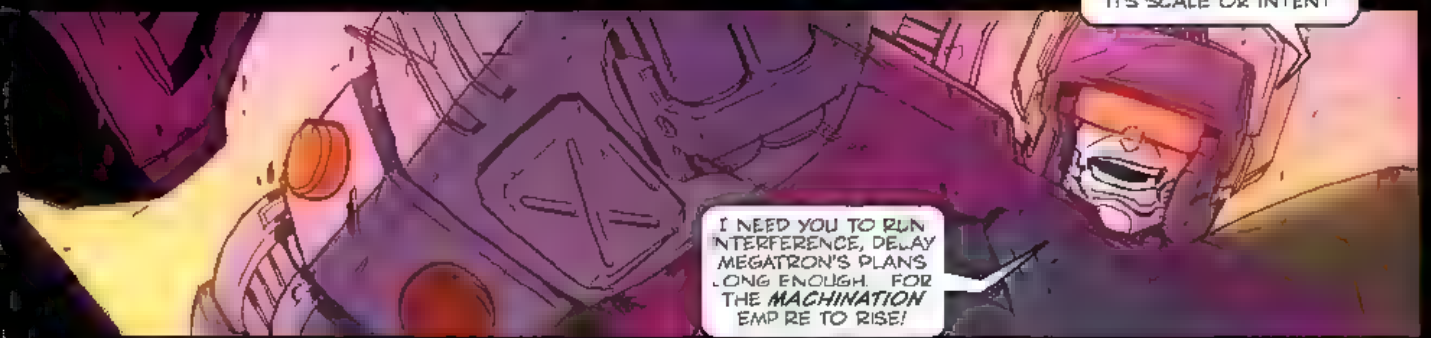
...YOU'RE A ROGUE, DID  
YOU KNOW THAT? YOU'RE  
DATAFILE B-345-101 ON  
ULTRA MAGNUS' HIT LIST OF  
WANTED CYBERTRONIANS.  
THERE'S NO WAY BACK.

YOUR DYNOBOTS ARE  
LONG GONE, DEAD AND  
BURIED, AND YOU'RE  
STUCK HERE ON AN  
ALIEN WORLD WITH THE  
DECEPTICONS POISED TO  
IGNITE ARMAGEDDON.



EH, AND YOU?  
WHAT'S YOUR  
POSITION?

SUFFICE IT TO SAY,  
I AM BUILDING MY OWN  
NEW ORDER HERE ON  
EARTH, AND THE TIME IS  
NOT YET ripe TO UNVEIL  
ITS SCALE OR INTENT.



I NEED YOU TO RUN  
INTERFERENCE, DELAY  
MEGATRON'S PLANS  
LONG ENOUGH FOR  
THE MACHINATION  
EMPIRE TO RISE!

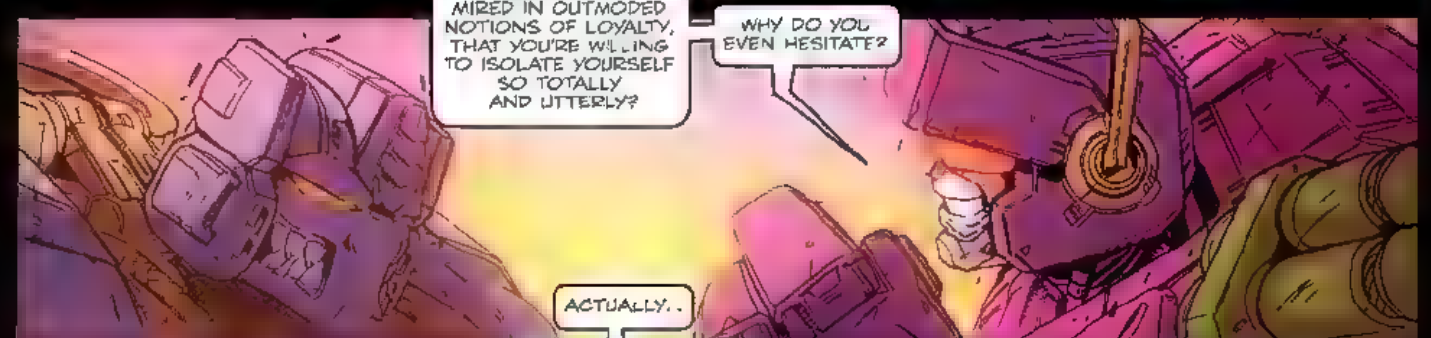


NO WAY BACK.

IS HE RIGHT?

ARE YOU THAT  
STUBBORN, THAT  
Mired IN OUTMODED  
NOTIONS OF LOYALTY,  
THAT YOU'RE WILLING  
TO ISOLATE YOURSELF  
SO TOTALLY  
AND UTTERLY?

WHY DO YOU  
EVEN HESITATE?



ACTUALLY...

...IT'S THAT TIME  
BACK ON CYBERTRON  
YOU STOLE A  
CONSIGNMENT OF  
SOLAR AGITATORS  
FROM A FACILITY WE  
WERE GUARDING.

WHAT?  
THAT-THAT  
WAS NOTHING

TRUE





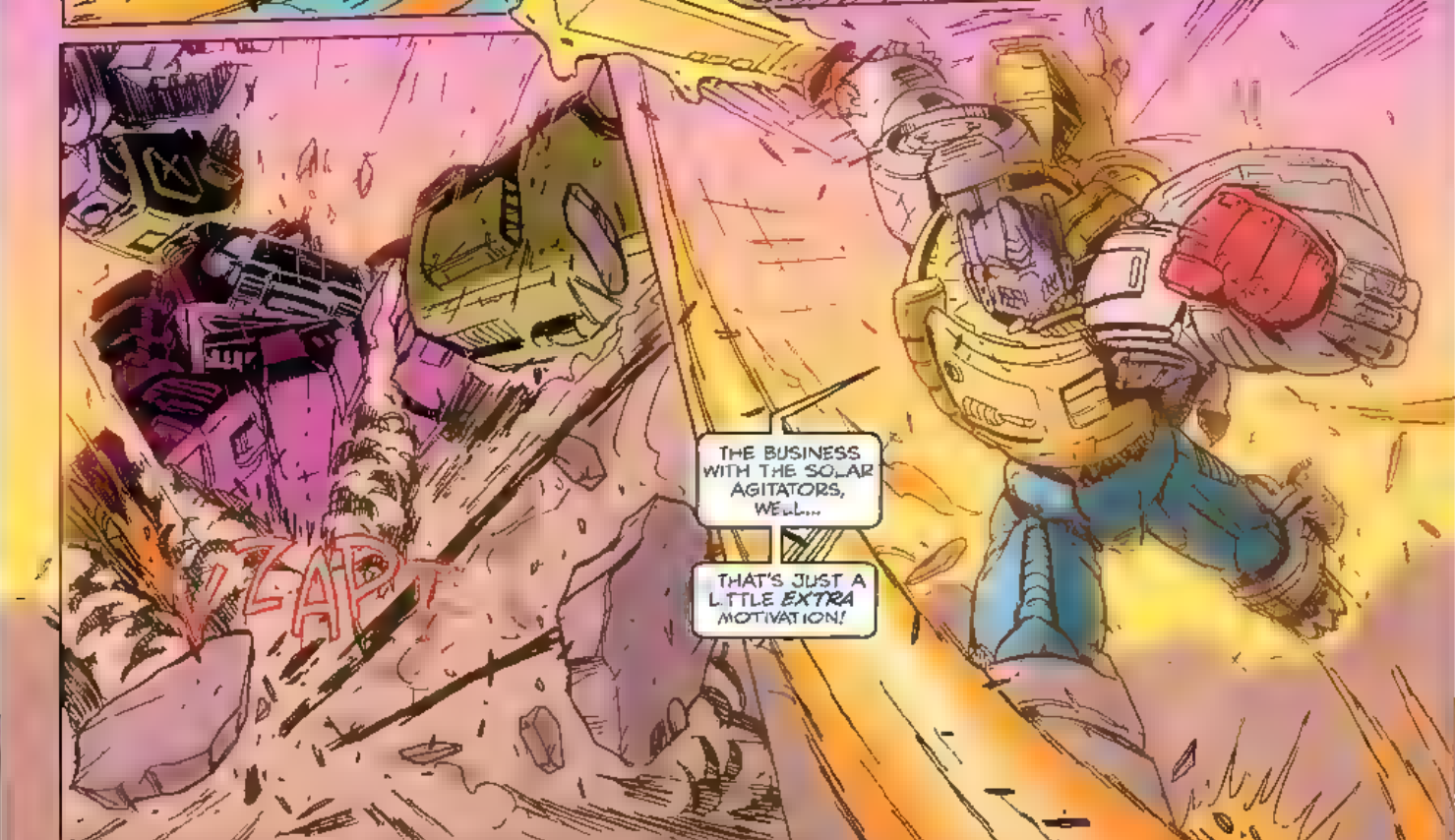
BUT IT'LL DO!

KEH!

**KEUNG**

I GOT TO THINKING... WHAT IF I RETURNED TO CYBERTRON WITH THAT WELL-KNOWN THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT, SCORPONOK, TAGGED AND BAGGED AND READY FOR SPARK-ISOLATION?

THEY'D MOST LIKELY TEAR UP THEIR WARRANTS AND GIVE ME A HERO'S WELCOME!




THE BUSINESS WITH THE SOLAR AGITATORS, WELL...

THAT'S JUST A LITTLE EXTRA MOTIVATION!

**VZAP!**





I OFFER YOU A  
WORLD-OR AT LEAST  
A SHARE OF IT-AND  
YOU THROW I BACK  
IN MY FACE?

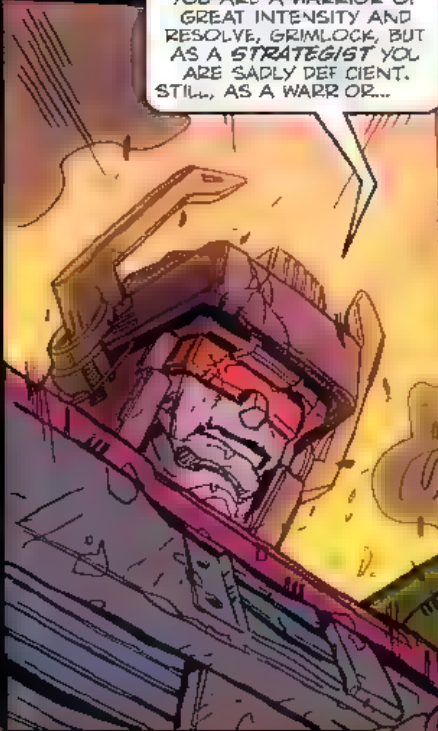
YOU'RE LIKE THE  
BEAST WHOSE FORM  
YOU MIMIC, TOO BIG  
AND TOO STUPID TO  
EVER CHANGE!

EVEN IF IT  
MEANS  
EXTINCTION!



HNH.

FWOW



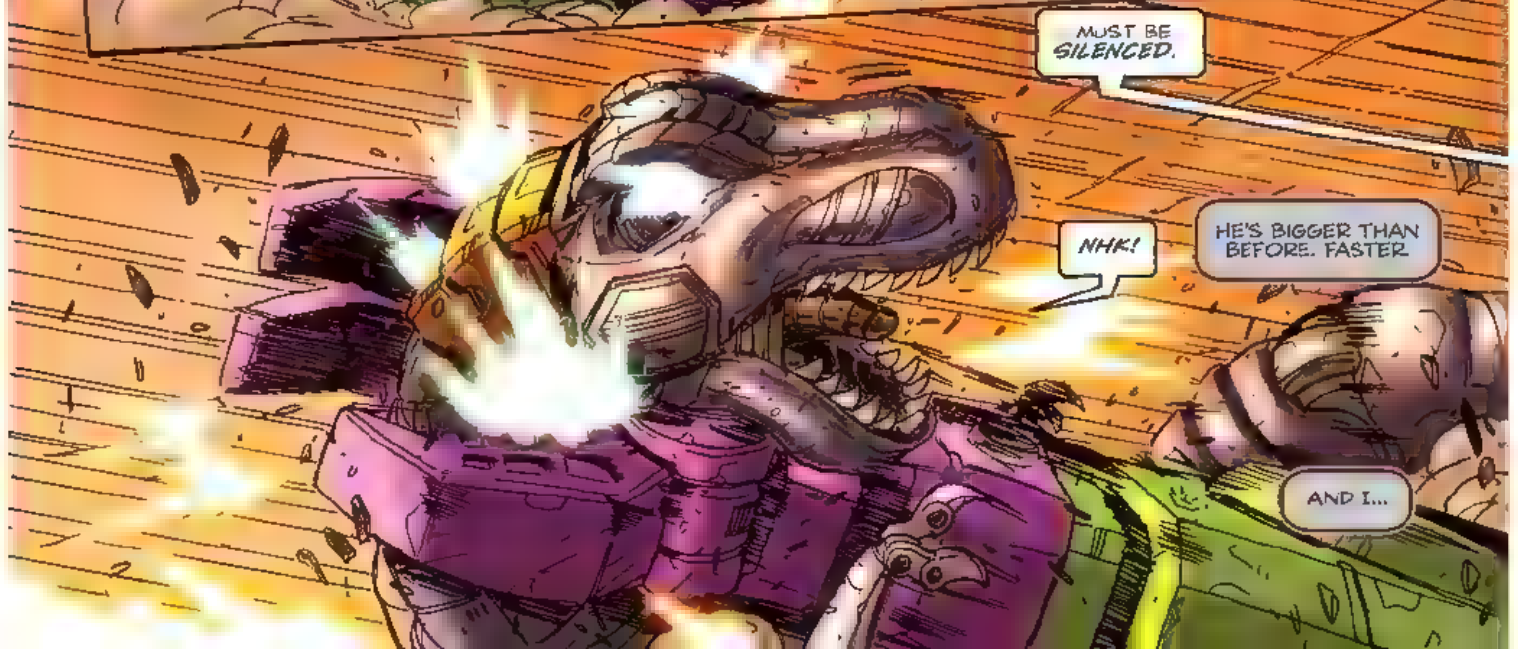
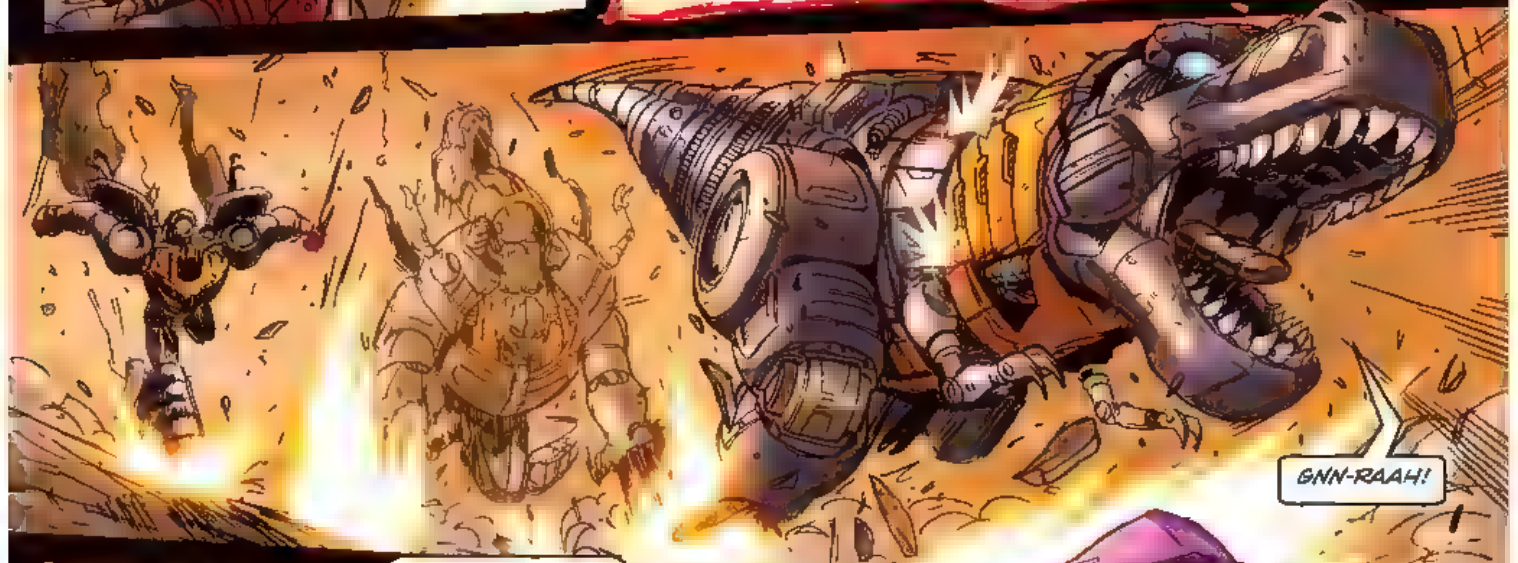
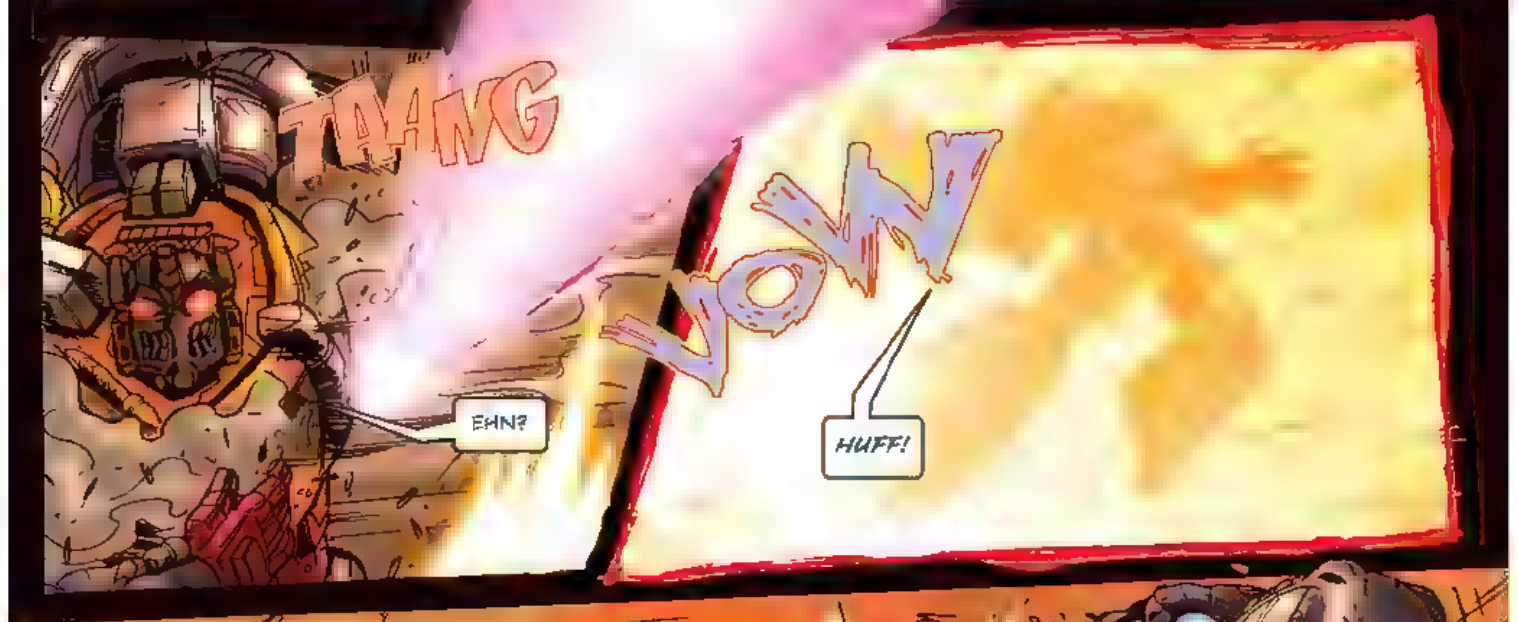
YOU ARE A WARRIOR OF  
GREAT INTENSITY AND  
RESOLVE, GRIMLOCK, BUT  
AS A STRATEGIST YOU  
ARE SADLY DEFICIENT.  
STILL, AS A WARRIOR...



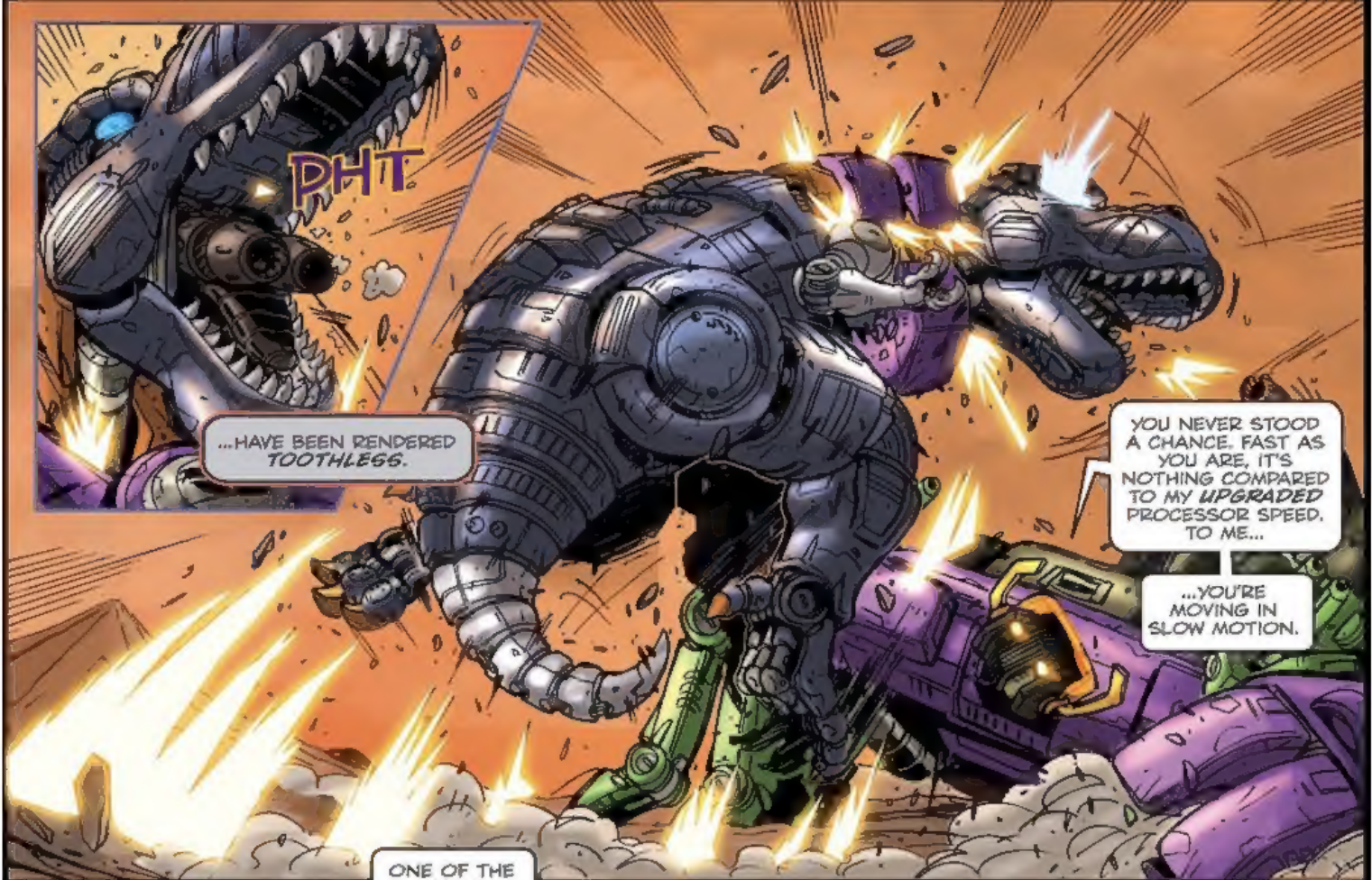
..I GRANT YOU  
A WARRIOR'S  
DEATH!

ZZK

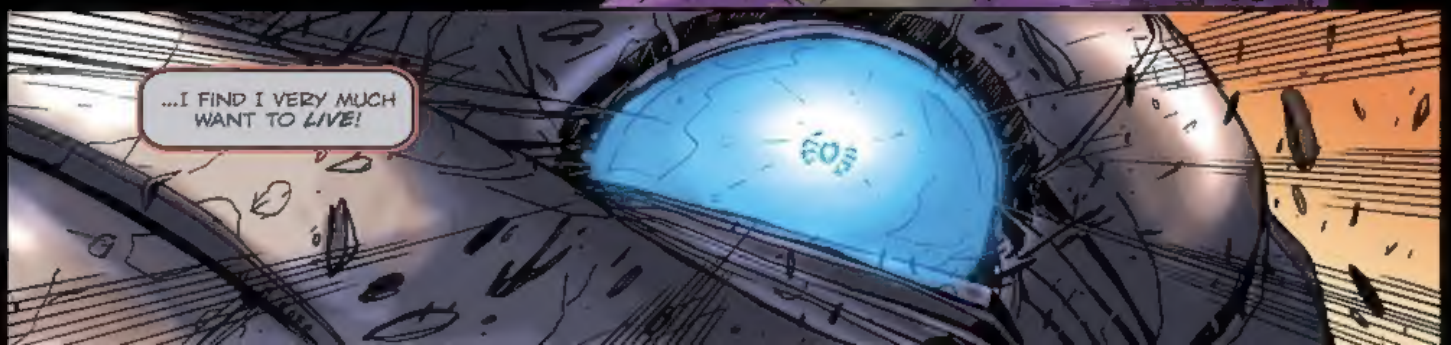









ONE OF THE  
MANY  
BENEFITS OF  
TWO MINDS!








MY DYNOBOTS.

FERCE, LOYAL,  
UNWAVERING IN THEIR  
COMMITMENT TO  
WHATEVER COURSE OF  
ACTION I INITIATED.

AND I...




...BETRAYED THEM  
WITHOUT A SECOND  
THOUGHT.


YOU COMING?

WE'RE SET FOR  
THE DROP.


BEFORE GOING DOWN  
TO INTERCEPT  
SHOCKWAVE...



...I LAID IN A BACK-UP  
PLAN. IF WE FAILED, IF THE  
BATTLE WENT AGAINST US...



...THERE WOULD BE  
NO SURVIVORS!



VICTORY, OF A SORT...

...BUT AT WHAT PRICE?





I *HAVE* TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, AND, IF POSSIBLE, MAKE MY PEACE. I TAKE NOTHING SCORDONOK SAYS AT FACE VALUE. IF I SURVIVED...



...THEY COULD HAVE *TOO*. SO, THOUGH IT RUNS CONTRARY TO EVERY PRIMAL INSTINCT, I INITIATE THE RECALL CHIP...



...AND *WITHDRAW* FROM THE FIELD OF COMBAT.



I WONDER IF I'M GOING TO END UP JUST AS DEAD, BUT IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES THE THOUGHT TO FORM...



...I'VE *REACHED* MY DESTINATION.

REMARKABLY, THE SKYFIRE IS STRUCTURALLY *INTACT*.

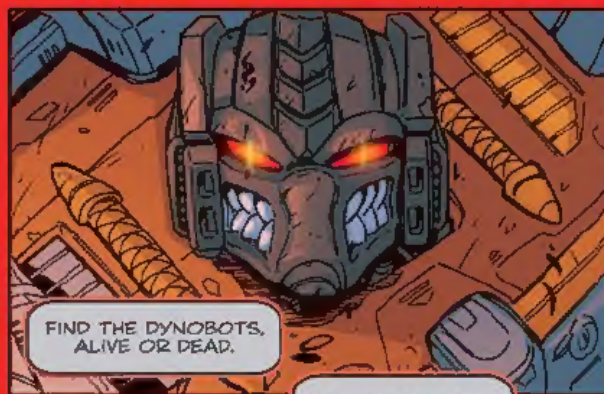




WHAT SENSORS I DO HAVE TELL ME I'M BURIED IN ICE AND THE SURFACE IS *NOT* WITHIN DETECTION RANGE.

BUT I'M *ALIVE*.

AND I *KNOW* WHAT HAS TO BE DONE.



FIND THE DYNOBOTS, ALIVE OR DEAD.

FIND SCORPONOK...



...AND BRING HIS SO-CALLED MACHINATION EMPIRE CRASHING DOWN AROUND HIM!



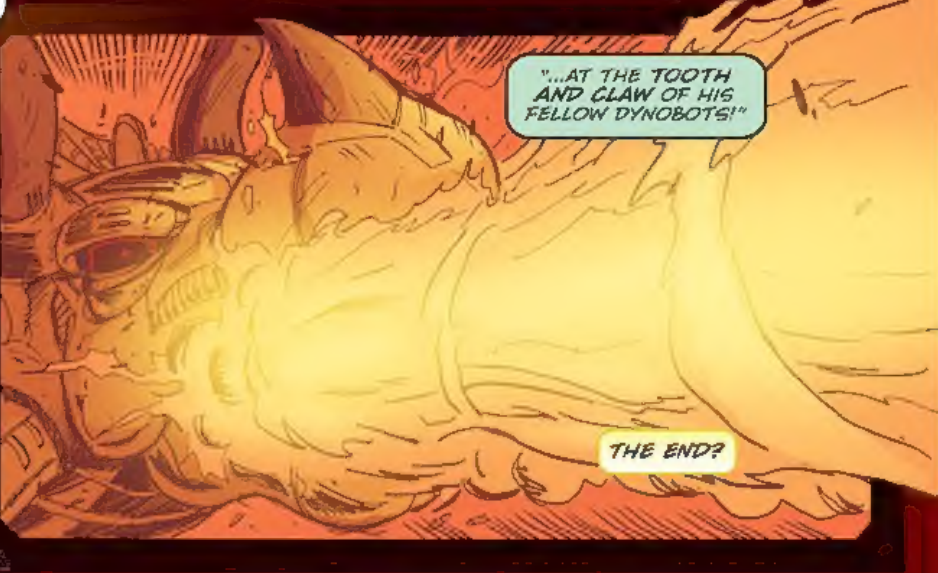
DETROIT

YOUR MOLE IN SKYWATCH TELLS ME THEY'RE IN THE PROCESS OF MOVING THE MECHS DESIGNATED THUNDER-LIZARDS-2, 3, 4, AND 5 TO A FORWARD OPERATIONAL FACILITY.

GOOD. SUPPLY KLOSS WITH THE NECESSARY SOFTWARE. LET THEM THINK SWOOP, SLAG, SNARL AND SLUDGE ARE THEIRS TO COMMAND, WHEN IN FACT...

...WE SHALL BE PULLING THE STRINGS.

AH, THE IRONY. GRIMLOCK SHALL PERISH...



"...AT THE TOOTH AND CLAW OF HIS FELLOW DYNOBOTS!"

THE END?